# THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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## UNDER THE RED FLAG.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE NIGHT WATCH OF DEATH.

Fearful was the night that followed that hideous day. Burning, burning, burning; burning and bloodshed everywhere. The battle had become a massacre, the conflagration a sea of fire. Never had been seen such destruction.

During the earlier part of the struggle the regular troops had obeyed the order of their leaders with calm submission, doing their duty bravely in that worst of all combats—street warfare. But as the conflict went on, the sight of those flaming ruins, the savagery of the insurgents, exasperated them, and it was no longer possible to restrain their fury. Their hearts were hardened by many a bitter memory of past sufferings—of wasted heroism, of captivity, sickness, hunger, long stages upon inhospitable roads, the shame of undeserved defeat—sufferings for which their sole recompense had been injury and insult. And these, who had fired the most glorious monuments of France, assassinated her bravest and best, what had *they* done during the war? They had drunk and swaggered, and held forth in wine-shops; they had strengthened the hands of the foe by their squabbles and revolts, and had garnered their strength for the work of bloodshed and universal destruction.

All through that night of horror Philip Durand watched by the bedside of his wife and her new born infant in the Rue Git le Cœur. The little street was safe in its obscurity, safe from the malice of the incendiaries, who had bigger game for their sport; but the conflagration was terribly near.

The atmosphere was poisoned by the odors of petroleum, and the thick rank smoke from the Granaries of Abundance where the stores of wine, oil, and dried fish fed the fierceness of the flames and intensified the stench of burning. Everywhere the work of destruction was being hurried on. The commune was at the last gasp; these explosions and burnings were the death rattle.

It was three days since Gaston had disappeared, and now Kathleen was gone. She had slipped out unseen by the porter or by any of the neighbors. She had vanished like a ghost at break of day. When we went up to her rooms this morning to carry her the best news of her sister, to cheer and comfort her, and buoy up her sinking hopes, as he had done all through the two previous days of her trouble, he found the nest deserted.

There was no doubt as to her flight, or its purpose. The inner room was locked, and the key taken away, the outer room was neatly swept and garnished; everything was in its place. Gaston's bureau was locked; the glazed cabinet in which he kept his cherished collection of books—not large, but so carefully chosen; chosen as poverty chooses its treasures, one by one, deliberately, anxiously—this, too, was locked, and every book on its shelf; and on the table lay a letter addressed to Durand:

"Dear Philip, Dear Brother,—I am going to look for my husband. Have no fear for me. Heaven will pity and protect my wretchedness. I shall be about all day and every day seeking for my beloved; but I shall come back here at night for shelter and rest, if possible. If I do not come back after dark you may know that my wanderings have taken me too far afield. But you need have no fear. Of one thing you may be sure—while my reason remains I will not destroy myself. I will be true to the teaching of my childhood, and God will give me grace to bear my troubles.

"Do not let one thought of me distract you from your duty of protecting Rose and baby. If she asks about me, tell her that I am safe, in good hands, well cared for and protected. Is not that the truth, when I am in the keeping of the Holy Mother and her blessed angels? Ever lovingly, your sister, Kathleen."

It was midnight; the long dreary day was over, and she had not returned. Philip had crept up stairs, and looked into the empty room several times in the course of the day; but there had been no sign of Kathleen's return.

It had been altogether a trying day Rose was weak and somewhat feverish, and inquired anxiously every hour about Kathleen. Why did not her sister come to see her? Where was Gaston? Philip was sorely perplexed how to reply. Gaston was at the newspaper office, he faltered, on one occasion.

"But the newspaper was suppressed six weeks ago," said Rose.

"Yes, but they are beginning again, now that times are better, and the government will be restored. That's what makes Gaston so busy."

"But Kathleen—why does she desert me?"

"She is not very well, dear. It is only a cold; but it is better for her to keep her room."

"Yes, yes, let her nurse herself. Oh, I wish that I were well, and could go to her," said Rose, with a troubled look.

She was devoured by anxiety about Kathleen; and in spite of her husband's tenderness, in spite of that new and wonderful love, the maternal instinct, awakened in her mind by the infant that nestled at her side, like a bird under the parent wing, she could not overcome that feeling of fear and restlessness caused by her sister's absence.

"Are you sure that she is not seriously ill?" she asked Philip, looking at him with fever-bright eyes. "It is so unlike Kathleen to make much of a slight illness. And she must know that I am pining for her."

"Shall I go and fetch her?" asked Philip, making a movement towards the door. "It is better for her health that she should stay in bed; but if you want her so badly——"

"No, no, not for the world. Give her my fondest love. Tell her to nurse herself. Give her baby's love, too, Philip; I know this little creature is all love, though he was born in an evil time."

"Poor little storm-bird!" murmured Philip, bending over the bed to kiss the little pink face, so soft, like something very sweet and lovable, but not quite human.

He was ashamed of himself for the lies he told so glibly. Yet he knew that it would be dangerous to tell his wife the truth—dangerous while her cheeks were flushed and her eyes glassy with fever. Maman Schubert had warned him that he must wade chin-deep in falsehood rather than allow his wife's mind to become troubled. He must do anything in the world to soothe and comfort her. La Schubert herself was glib and inventive, and her presence had always a soothing effect. She brought Rose imaginary messages from her sister; and pretended to convey Rose's replies. She dandled the baby, and cooked Philip's dinner, and made the invalid's broth, all with the liveliest air, and made light of conflagration and ruin, although with every hour the roar of cannon, the hiss of mitrailleuse, grew louder, fort answering to fort with sullen thunder, the sound of musketry close at hand.

At midday a hideous noise resounded throughout the quarter. The houses rocked; fragments of plaster fell from the ceiling

What was that? The explosion was too loud for any shell, however formidable. It was only the powder magazine at the Luxembourg, which had just been blown up. The Pantheon was expected momentarily.

And still Maman Schubert, with nods and friendly smiles, assured her that the Versailles troops were carrying everything before them. The commune was surrendering without a blow. Order would be restored, Paris at peace, by Sunday morning.

"And we shall hear all the church-bells ringing for mass, and see the people in their Sunday clothes," concluded Maman Schubert cheerily.

She whose return was so eagerly awaited in the Rue Git le Cœur was not very far afield when the clocks chimed midnight. She had wandered about Paris all day, haunting the gates of the prisons, inquiring for her missing husband of every one who seemed in the least likely to be able to answer. Had there been any new arrests made within the last three days, and among the new arrests was there a young man, tall, slim; with dark-gray eyes and marked brows, handsome, a journalist? At the gates of Mazas, at the Great and the Little Roquette, at Sainte Pelagie, at La Sante, the patient pilgrim appeared, weary with garments whitened by the chalky dust of the hard dry roads which scorched her tired feet, drooping in body, yet brave of soul, questioning, seeking, watching, imploring, but finding no trace of the lost one.

Amidst blood and fire she wandered to and fro, pausing whenever there was a knot of idlers at a corner to listen to their talk, or repeat her old inquiries. Had there been any new arrests within the last three days?

Arrests? There were arrests every hour, a man told her. The gentlemen in power were getting rabid. Shoot and burn, that was the word. Murder and fire were their only notion for taking their revenge upon Versailles. Arrests, forsooth! What was the use of talking about arrests? The prisons were teeming with hostages, there was neither space nor provision for the herd of unfortunates; and now the word had gone forth to shoot them down in the prison-yards, or to roast them alive in their cells. Rigault and Ferre, Serizier, Megy, these were not men to surrender tamely. If these fiery stars were to be quenched, they would go down in a sea of blood.

"Anything new?" repeated a man in a group that stood on the bridge watching the burning of the Lyric Theatre, as if it had been a free representation, waiting for the Chatelet to take fire on the other side of the wide, lurid street momentarily expecting the dark towers of Notre Dame to vomit flames—"anything new? Yes, we live in stirring times. There is always something new. The Versaillais have taken the Pantheon, the stronghold of the commune, just as the federals were going to blow it up. Milliere has been shot. That is new. Have you heard of the massacre of the Dominicans? That is new. And Serizier has taken to his heels—Serizier, the colonel of the 101st battalion; Serizier, the hero of Issy and Chatillons. The colonel is gone, and the battalion is scattered."

The Dominicans! At that name Kathleen drew closer to the group, as near as she could to the speaker, gazing at him with wild, wide-open eyes. The Dominicans! Almost the last words she had heard from her husband's lips were an indignant protest against the ill-treatment of these good monks.

"I would shed my last drop of blood rather than that a hair of Father Captier's head should be hurt by those devils," he had said a few minutes before he left the house.

She went close up to the man who had spoken, and who was now staring, open-mouthed, at the burning theatre. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Is that true?" she asked. "Has there been any harm done to the Dominican Fathers of the school of Albert the Great? My husband was at school there, and he loves them as if they were his own flesh and blood."

"Your husband's sons will have to find another school, citoyenne," answered the man, with a cynical air. "The Dominican school is sacked, and the shaven-polls have been given their passport for Paradise."

"Murdered!"

"Every one of them. Shot down like pheasants in a battue, this afternoon, yonder in the Avenue d'Italie," pointing far away to the south. "There is nothing left of the nest or of the magpies, citoyenne."

She clasped her hands before her face, and reeled against the parapet of the bridge. Nobody noticed her, or cared for her. The roof of the theatre was falling in—a shower of burning fragments was blown across the dark water like a fiery rain. On the other side of the river the glare, the smoke, the stench of burning was intensifying with every moment.

"Will there be anything left of Paris but dust and ashes when the sun rises?" asked one of the by-standers.

Kathleen leaned against the bridge, motionless, speechless, paralyzed by fear. She tried to think. But for some moments thought was impossible; her brain was clouded, benumbed, frozen. Then came reflection. Gaston had said that he would die to save them, fight for them to the death, these good fathers, and they had all been murdered, and Gaston was missing He who had given her such faithful love had abandoned her to desolation and despair.

Was it likely that he would so abandon her, unless a higher duty claimed him? Was it likely that he would leave her for a space of four days in ignorance of his fate, unless he were a prisoner—or unless he were dead?

"Tell me, sir," said Kathleen, in a hoarse, half-strangled voice, "was there any one else killed in the Avenue d'Italie—any one besides the Dominicans—any one who was in company with the good fathers?"

"Yes, there were a few understrappers, I believe, servants of the school."

"No one else?"

"What do I know? The news has passed from mouth to mouth. There is no official bulletin, citoyenne. The commune keeps these things quiet. It is only hearsay."

Only hearsay? A ray of hope lit up the blackness of her soul. Only hearsay! And how many wild stories had been told in Paris within the last week, how many horrors had been bruited about which had been but bubbles of foul imagining! The story of the bodies found in the church of Saint Laurent, for instance. The desecrated corpses exposed at the church-door, the supposed victims of priestly crime; foul fictions invented to stimulate the populace to carnage and spoliation.

"Is it far to the Avenue d'Italie?" she asked.

The bystanders answered carelessly, one saying one thing, one another, each and all absorbed in the awful rapture of the scene, and caring not at all for individual needs and feelings.

One o'clock struck from the clock-tower of Notre Dame. Kathleen was footsore, faint, her eyes burning with fever, her mouth parched with thirst. She looked down at the river, but the stream seemed to be running with liquid fire, not water. There was no fountain near. She must get on somehow without the longed-for refreshment of a cup of cold water. There was no use of asking for information here, where the news was only hearsay, where people answered her carelessly. In the Avenue d'Italie, on the scene of this hideous crime, if the thing were true, she must more easily learn the actual facts—who had fallen, how many. There she might learn the worst.

She crossed to the left bank of the river, and began her pilgrimage of despair. The distance was long, every step was weariness and pain, after her day's wanderings. All the length of the Boulevard St. Michel, along which the ambulance-wagons were passing in dismal procession, crimson with blood. On and on, past a barricade at which the men of the quarter were working, old gray-headed men among them, men who only wanted to die peacefully at home with wife and children, and who, knowing that death was inevitable, stuck heroically to their post. On and on, till the blaze of the conflagration, the roar of the flames, seemed to be left behind. But not the dull thunder of the cannonade, the sharp crack of pistol shots. Carnage was audible on every side.

Continued next week.

## THE BARON'S VASE.

Translated from the French of Paul Duchasset for The Breckenridge News.

It was on a New Year's eve. The Baron De Courcelles pencilled a few words on a visiting card, which he then placed in an envelope and securely sealed. After which he proceeded to Boisseau's candy-shop, on the Rue de Plassy.

"Nanette is fond of candy," he thought, "She adores sweets. Besides the diamond necklace I sent her this morning I will buy her some candies."

The baron entered the shop, selected a costly Japanese vase, put the envelope containing the card at the very bottom, and ordered the vase to be filled with the best candies in the establishment.

Two hours later, while Mlle. Nanette was conversing with the fashionable young actor, Adalbert, her maid entered with the Japanese vase from Boisseau's.

"More candies, ma'm'selle," she said.

"Who sends them?" asked Nanette.

"No card, ma'm'selle," replied the maid.

"Very well. Put it anywhere," said Nanette, carelessly.

The young actor was inspecting the vase. "It is beautiful," he remarked.

"If you like it, take it," said Nanette.

"Many thanks. I accept it as a souvenir."

An hour later Adalbert entered the apartment of a popular singer.

"Adelaide," he cried, "I have brought you a surprise—some candies."

"Well, leave them there."

Adalbert remained but a few minutes. After he left, Adelaide said to herself, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"Bah! I am sick of candies. I will give them to Justine."

"Who is speaking about me?" cried a silvery voice in an adjoining apartment.

"Here is something for you, my Justine."

Justine entered the apartment.

"Ah! what a fine vase!" she exclaimed.

"It is for you," said Adalbert.

"Thanks oh, so many thanks! I will give it to my professor, who has promised to arrange my debut."

Next day, after her music lesson, the beautiful Justine said to her professor:

"This is for you," handing him the vase. "My debut shall be soon? Yes?"

"Yes, soon," said the professor.

The professor went home, bearing the vase, a happy man.

"It is just in time," he said, joyfully. "I have no money to buy a present for my wife. How rejoiced she will be! Times are hard; coal is dear; the lessons pay badly, but the Lord is good!" piously crossing himself.

The wife of Signor Fadiezini—professor of singing and elocution, formerly bassocantante of the theatres of Milan and Turin—was indeed glad. But she was also a practical woman.

"Guiseppe," she said, "I am certain that you did not buy this vase and these candies, for that would have been madness. I know you so well you need not reply. Some one gave them to you, and you have brought them to me, which is very kind of you; but we must make good use of them. Take them to Mme. Bondurin, who is the wife of the chief of the department of arts. This attention may cause her to induce her husband to give you the position of rehearser to the academy of music."

"You are right, my dear Mona. You always look ahead, and foresee everything. We will first put my card on it, but not the one containing the price of lessons."

Then taking up the vase, the professor soon conveyed it to the residence of M. Bondurin.

That evening, when her husband came home, Mme. Bondurin said to him:

"Here is a charming vase some one has sent me. Please take it to my mother."

"But," said M. Bondurin, hesitatingly, "I think it would be better to give it to the sister of my chief, and thus secure her aid to my promotion."

"You are right, monsieur," acquiesced madame.

An hour later the sister of the chief of M. Bondurin said to her brother:

"Have you prepared a present for madame, the Baroness De Courcelles? You know you have dined at the baron's, and it would be no more than polite for you to send something to the madame, particularly in view of the fact that monsieur, the baron, is a deputy and an influential member of the left centre."

"Ah! Clothilde, I had forgotten all about it. I will go at once and purchase—"

"That will not be necessary, Jules. Take this vase that I have just received from M. Bondurin, who serves under you as a chief of department."

An hour afterward the Baroness De Courcelles, inflamed with anger, sent for her husband to come to her apartment. He found her standing by the empty vase—having poured the candies into a great basket, which was destined for an orphan asylum of which she was a patroness. In one hand she held a visiting card of the baron's, on which was written:

"A Happy New Year, my Nanette."

The baron was stupefied. The baroness sued for divorce. The trial ended to-day in her favor. The vase and the card figured as witnesses in the trial, and that is how I became acquainted with the story of their adventures.

Parbleu! Did not the lawyer of madame, the baroness, make a droll story of it, though? Wallack Gruelle.

### "English as She is Taught."

San Francisco Chronicle.

Hitherto San Francisco has been comparatively free from Anglomaniacs, for, excepting an occasional eastern traveler who electrifies the clerks and habitues of the Palace Hotel office by asking what he should do with the "brawses," when he is desirous of redeeming his baggage from the transfer company, the Queen's English has not been inflicted upon the public ear. But those good days are over, for far away in the wilds of the Western Addition the principal of a primary school has undertaken to Anglicize the mode of speech of the rising Americans under her charge. A reporter of the Chronicle saw two little girls returning from Sunday School yesterday morning, and was astonished to hear them take leave of each other in the following manner:

"Hit's 'awlf-pawst ten, 'Attie, awnd I must go 'ome. Me mother will be hangry."

"Don't forget to come hover to the 'ouse this hawfternoon, Hawnie," replied the other; and they parted.

"Who told you to say 'hawfternoon'?" the reporter asked of one of the little misses

"The teacher," she answered. "Hall the boys and girls have to do that."

"Since when?"

"O, a long time now. Our teacher says that it is not proper to say 'afternoon'."

"You don't say so!" said the astonished reporter. "Does she make you use any other words?"

"O yes. She makes us say 'awnd'," and the little girl opened her jaws like a rockcod's to give the proper pronunciation. "Awnd she says 'dawg', too," she continued, "awnd 'brawss', awnd 'cawn't', awnd 'pawk', awnd 'mawn'. O, hit a beginning to rwain," and she scampered off without giving the reporter an opportunity to ask the name of the school and its principal.

Boston girls never say, "He is a gone goose." When a lover is observed to be idiotically sweet on any particular young lady the other girls refer to him as "a departed aquatic fowl of the genus Auser."—[Bismarck Tribune.

A spanking team—The energetic mother and quick tempered school ma'am.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

## "HOW IT USED TO BE."

Written for The Breckenridge News.

Times change. Fashions change. We all change. An old man bearing a local reputation for a story-teller, gave evidence the other day that the above sentiments are true, by relating the following incident:

"I was goin' to school," said he, "to an old man named Thomas. For some cause or other he always looked for an opportunity to 'lick' me. For a long time nothing was deemed a sufficient excuse for the old man to gratify his curiosity by seeing what shape, or how many shapes, my (then) handsome countenance would assume while he performed this gymnastic exercise for the entertainment of himself and the rest An opportunity (which he tried to improve) arose one day in the followin way: The schoolhouse was situated near a public road, and we boys, of course, were interested in the various turnouts that came along. One day a wagon loaded with iron was stopped near the schoolhouse that the horses might be fed their dinner. At 'play-time', as a matter of course, we boys must investigate. It was a bitter cold day. I stepped up to the iron and touched my tongue to it very gently, taking good care not to get it stuck.

"'I say, Jack, did you know that iron tastes like sugar?' said I, addressing Jack Neat.

"'Now, I was honest in this; of course it was sweet to me.

"'No,' said Jack. 'It ain't sweet.'

"'Ain't it?' said I.

"'Is it really sweet?' he asked, half-believing me.

"'Try for yourself,' I replied, wounded at his lack of confidence.

"Jack walked up and laid his tongue to the iron as a bear would lick honey. When he took it away he left about a couple of square inches of the skin on the iron.

"Old man Thomas was standing where he saw and heard all that had passed.

"'I will settle with you, sir, when school is taken up,' said he.

"After a very short 'play time' we were called in.

"I took care to get between and the door—and to stay in that position. Arming himself with his five foot hickory switch, he advanced, saying:

"'Why did you do as you did, sir?'

"'It *was* sweet to me,' said I.

"'Did n't you know it would peel that boy's tongue?'

"'It tasted sweet,' I said.

"(All this time we were getting near the door.)

"'I will show you how to play your smarty capers about me,' he said, making a pass at me. But I was too quick for him. Out at the door I jumped, and slamming it in his face, got all the start I could, and ran down the field as fast as my legs could carry me, and old Thomas after me. He was gaining on me. I jumped the fence and made for a hollow log in the next field. Into this I crawled, and got as far back as I could. It was too far for him to reach me, and he could not get in. He begged me to come out. I asked him if he would whip me. He told me he would not whip me hard. I suggested that the pupils at the schoolhouse might be ready to recite, and he had best go back. He told me that if I did not come out he would stop me up. I told him to stop away. He took some chunks and filled up the hollow of the tree, making it, as he thought, secure. He then left. After awhile, I crawled down to the barricade, and soon made a breach large enough to get my head out and take a look, for I thought it more than probable that the old coon was lying in ambush somewhere near. After assuring myself that he was gone, I got out and went home.

"Next evening he came to see me. He wanted me to return to school. I solemnly vowed I would n't if he intended to flog me. He would n't promise. Finally we came to terms by my promising him two twists of tobacco.

"I was to return next day and take the tobacco. I went to work and prepared the tobacco at once. Next morning what was my astonishment and fear when, arriving at the schoolhouse, I found I had left the the tobacco at home.

"It became necessary to adduce some proof that I had forgotten it. I produced a witness who testified that the tobacco was ready and I had only forgotten to bring it. With some difficulty an extension of time was granted me, with the solemn warning not to forget it the next day.

"That evening, after my arrival at home, the first thing I did was to put my twists of tobacco in the dinner-basket. After this he and I were on good terms, but he was always watching me like a hawk."

Thus do times change. The school boys of to-day have no such experiences as that of my friend and old man Thomas. E.

Bewleyville, Ky., Jan. 30, 1884.

### Where the Pleasure Comes In.

Philadelphia Call.

"I've got some good news," said a handsome Philadelphia girl to her companion, who was visiting her from out of town.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Why, George and his friend, Mr. Smith, from New York—that delightful gentlemen we met last evening, you know—have invited us to take a sleigh-ride to-night."

"Am I to ride with Mr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"But he has only one arm."

"That doesn't make any difference; George says he is accustomed to horses, and can drive with one arm just as well as he can with two."

"It makes a great deal of difference," said the young lady from out of town. "One can not find any pleasure sleigh-riding with a one-armed gentlemen, unless,"—and here her face lighted up hopefully—"she drives herself."

Small-pox is still reported as prevalent at Louisville.

## A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

### Odd Sequel to a Curious State of Matrimonial Affairs.

Goshen, N. Y., Feb. 4.—An odd sequel to a strange marriage is reported from Middletown. About two weeks ago the thirteen-year-old daughter of Charles Godfrey, of that village, was married to Wm. Strong, a man many years her senior. The father of the child had strongly opposed the marriage, but the mother, who had herself made the match, compelled the consummation in the face of the opposition of the local press and public opinion. Every minister in Goshen was applied to to perform the ceremony, but all refused, and Rev. Mr. Clark of Middletown, finally married the ill-mated pair. They live in apartments with Mrs. Godfrey on the second floor of a building on Main street, Middletown. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey have not lived together since the marriage, but he was found bleeding and unconscious in the hallway at the foot of the stairs leading to his wife's apartments a few nights ago. He declined to give any explanation of how he received his injuries, but the facts in the case have since been made public.

It seems that Godfrey had been planning some means of revenging himself upon the man who married his child, and one night last week proceeded to carry out a plan he had formed. Engaging the services of two stalwart negroes, he went with them to the building on Main steet. The programme was for the negroes to remain in the dark hallway at the foot of the stairs. Godfrey was to go up stairs, knock at the door of Strong's apartment, and when he opened the door seize him and throw him down stairs before he recovered from the surprise. The men below were then to fall upon him and beat him as they chose. Godfrey went up stairs and knocked at the door, but instead of Strong answering the knock, Mrs. Godfrey came to the door. Divining at once that Godfrey was not there for any peaceful purpose, she knocked or pushed him down stirs. He fell clear to the bottom, and the negroes in waiting, supposing Godfrey was Strong, carried out their part of the programme so well that they left their employer nearly dead in the hallway.

### Gov. Knott Unjustly Censured.

Paducah Journal.

The Stanford Journal speaks of "the outrageous action of Gov. Knott in allowing the life convict Steele to go from the prison walls unattended to his father's funeral."

Does the Stanford Journal suppose that Gov. Knott is warden of the penitentiary and has charge of the prisoners, taking cognizance of their pursuits and their outgoings and incomings?

Gov. Knott issued no order of permit to Steele to attend that funeral, neither had he any authority to do so. That was a matter between the convict and the warden.

Our Stanford friend will no doubt be surprised, and maybe will feel outraged, when he is informed that almost any day he may see on the streets of Frankfort "life convict" going on errands and attending to business for the prison entirely "unattended." This is permitted by the prison authorities on their own responsibility and without reference to the governor's approbation or disapprobation.

The governor may pardon a convict, but he has no more right than the Stanford editor to give him a permission of temporary absence.

### They Struck Oil.

Detroit Free Press.

It was on a Woodward-ave. car. A lady richly dressed sat in a corner of the car, and said to some one with her:

"I smell kerosene oil."

"So do I," answered her friend.

One after another got into the car, and the lady in the corner snuffed suspiciously and at last fixed her eyes upon a quiet looking little man near the door.

"I believe *he's* got the oil," she said, in a stage whisper to her friend.

"I know it," replied the friend. "There ought to be a law against carrying kerosene in the street cars. Such an odor!" and she glared at the little man.

"I shall inform the superintendent," said the first lady aloud.

"I shall inform the president of the road," said her friend, with a fixed and glassy stare.

"Ladies," said the little man, cheerfully, "hadn't you better move. The kerosene from that lamp in the corner of the car has been dripping down on ye ever since we started, but seein' ye both know so much I thought I wouldn't say anything."

### He Took the Hint.

Philadelphia Call.

They were sitting alone in the parlor when she sweetly remarked:

"George, dear, can you tell me why the course of true love never runs smoothly?"

"It does run smoothly, darling," said George passionately. "What could be smoother than the course of our true love?"

"And love is blind, is it not?" she went on.

"Yes, love is said to be blind," replied George, wondering what she was trying to get at.

"Well, I can tell you why true love never runs smoothly," and she looked at the lapel of his coat as though she would like to go to sleep there. "Love is blind and instead of helping the blind it is considered the proper thing to pull down the blind."

George acted upon the hint and pulled down the blind.

### His Next Move.

Philadelphia Call.

First Preacher.—So it seems Mr. Talmage is going to lecture on journalism.

Second Preacher.—Well, I declare! It beats all how these lecturers will persist in selecting subjects they know nothing about.

First Preacher.—Yes, that's the way. He will be tackling religion next.

An old negro and his son called on the editor of a newspaper.

"I wants my son ter work in yer office, sah."

"What can he do?"

"Oh, at fust he kaint du nuthin' but edick yer paper, but arter awhile, when he learns mo' sense, he kin black yer boots an' sweep de flo'."—[Arkansaw Traveler.